

The Ladies' Garland.

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SELECTED.

FROM LADY MORGAN'S ITALY.

Alas! poor queen—

VILLA GARUO.—This magnificent palace was once inhabited by the most magnificent of church princes, the Cardinal Gallio, by whom it was built. The waters of the lake Como almost wash the marble floor of its portico; and its open corridors, and its large windows admit views of the acclivities and rocks which shelter its rear. Before the portico of this now deserted and silent palace, the voyager of the lake rarely fails to cast anchor, and the handsome and open vestibule, exhibiting a vista of opposite suits of apartments, usually excites a request to see the palace, which is always complied with by the willing custode. The range of rooms to the left, speaks some fair lady's late residence—a little library, a boudoir, a bed room, and a bath, opening into each other, and presenting a tasteful perspective, are decorated by the hand of the graces, and are painted by a classic pencil, (that of Vaccani.) To the right, apartments more sumptuous, but not less commodious, open upon terraces and gardens. A little theatre, all white and gold, indicates that this was the residence of taste and wealth. In passing through the vestibule to the rear, (and the villa is almost a lantern,) a scene of far different character presents itself. Rocks levelled, and blocks of granite strewed over a broad, rude, half cleared space, springs gushing from heights, and taught to flow through subterranean channels, and arches turned in solid masonry, terminate a long line of spacious and beautiful road, opened along the shore of the lake, sometimes walled, sometimes vaulted, always banked in from the incursions of the waters, and secured at vast expense and labor from the falling in of the heights impending over it. This noble work has provided at end of centuries, a drive, for the accommodation of Comosques, along that part of their lake, (still the only part accessible to a carriage;) and though it has not yet reached its intended extent, is still a great public benefit, and is now the Corso of the little capital.

This imperial work, which, in its execution, has given the means of subsistence to numerous families in the neighborhood, was not made by the late, nor the present, government. It was planned by the same spirit that decorated the boudoir, and

erected the Theatre of the Garuo, and is the munificent work of a foreign lady, who, having retired from persecution at home, sought, in occupations of taste, utility, and beneficence abroad, to forget the slander of enemies and the desertion of friends. But the rocks of Garuo, the shades of Como, afforded no asylum to one marked as the victim of that secret tribunal—organized and presided by ministers of state;—against the familiars of this Inquisition no place was secure: they stole upon domestic privacy, and obtruded upon public recreation, unchecked by principle and uncontrolled by opinion,—

“To stop the chariot, and to board the barge;” to make benevolence the engine of its own destruction, and to close the hand of charity upon the suspected object of its bounty; to convert gratitude into treason, and tempt poverty to crime—these were probably the causes, or among the causes, which drove this lady from a spot, where she did much good and acquired great popularity. On one side of the noble road, which owes its existence to her munificence, a plain marble slab informs the passing stranger that this causeway was raised by a Princess of the House of D'Este, Caroline of Brunswick. But generations yet unborn, destined to inhabit the districts of Como, will learn with gratitude, that the first road opened on the banks of their beautiful lake, was erected, in the 19th century, by a Queen of England.

—“Back wounding calumny,
The whitest virtue strikes.”

FROM BURCHELL'S TRAVELS IN SOUTH AFRICA. CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE HOTTENTOT WOMEN.

Their mothers allowed themselves more privileges, and felt no hesitation in answering my questions relative to their *marriage customs*. Such characters as men and women passing their lives in a state of celibacy do not exist among the wild nations of Southern Africa; and, in this particular, savages hold a superiority over the most polished nations of Europe. The women informed me that girls are commonly betrothed when not older than a child whom they pointed out to me, and whose age appeared to be about seven years; that is, the husband early bespeaks her, in order to preclude every other man, in the meanwhile, from all pretensions, and from all hope of gaining her; and, as these men generally take a second wife as soon as the first becomes somewhat advanced in years, this custom of securing another beforehand is perhaps necessary, in order to avoid those contentions which might otherwise arise in cases of this nature, and where the girl herself has seldom a voice in choosing her husband. In two or three years, or less, according to circumstances, after being thus betrothed, the girl changes her abode from her mother's hut to that of the bridegroom. These bargains are made with her parents, without ever consulting the wisdom (even if she had any) of the daughter. They are made by offering them a

leathern bag, or some other article, which, if accepted, ratifies and confirms the match. I saw at this kraal several mothers who could not have been more than ten or twelve years old.

When it happens, which is not often the case, that a girl has grown up to womanhood without having previously been betrothed, her lover must gain her own approbation, as well as that of her parents; and on this occasion his attentions are received with an affectation of great alarm and disinclination on her part, and with some squabbling on the part of her parents.

Several of these girls might be said to be pretty, more on account of their youth and the pleasing expressions of their countenances, than of any beauty of features; but it is doubted whether, through the whole nation, one could be found whom a European could deem handsome. When in the morning they came to the general distribution of tobacco, they had not yet performed the duties of their toilet, but I now had the pleasure of beholding them as fine and as captivating as baka and red ochre could make them. The former, as a green powder, was sprinkled over their head and neck, and the latter, mixed with grease, was applied in daubs or streaks over or along the nose, and across the cheek-bones; and what was thought by these simple Africans to be the most graceful and fascinating style of adorning themselves, was precisely the same as that which the clowns and buffoons at our fairs have adopted in order to render their appearance absurd and ridiculous.

With regard to *polygamy*, I was told that a second wife is never taken until the first, as before stated, has become old, not in years but in constitution; and sometimes, though rarely, a third supplies, in like manner, the place of the second. This was generally the greatest extent of their polygamy: nor were the old wives, on that account, neglected or left unprovided for by their husbands; but constantly remained with them on the same terms as before.

Some men, passing by, seemed much amused at my questions, and joined us: on which I inquired of the women if their husbands ever beat them; well knowing that this subject was one of great importance in their domestic arrangements. The men laughed, and quickly replied, “no, no.” The women as loudly cried, “Yes, yes; they beat us on the head—so.” And sufficiently proved the truth of their assertion, by the ready and natural manner in which they imitated the act of their conjugal discipline.

Many of the women were distinguished by having the hair of their forehead, by constant accumulation of grease and red ochre, clotted into large red lumps like stone; this was not through neglect of cleaning it away, but from a fancy that it added greatly to their charms. Some had the crown of their head shaved, or, rather, scraped bald, and a row of buttons fastened round the remaining hair, which had been left in its natural state. All of them wore bracelets, either of leather, or of twisted sinew.

or of copper; and most of them were decorated with some kind of ornament hanging from the ear. Their stature was extremely small, and their figure in general delicate; their height being universally less than five feet.

THE GARLAND.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 1, 1824.

FOR THE GARLAND.

THE MANIAC RESTORED....A TALE.

Silent through its aerial course, the pale faced lunar orb bent its way, half obscured by the dusky sky, which insultingly masked the glimmering brilliancy of the starry domain, while no sound greeted the anxious ears of the unfortunate maniac, save the occasional howl of some hungry beast of prey, and the shrill whistlings of the north west wind, whose every blast was wont to chill the crimson fluid that stimulated the generous heart of the once happy, but now miserable, Miss Ellen Williams, who, ready to sink under the oppressive cold, was about to commend her spirit to the protection of God, and peaceably, unseen by a human eye, resign that life now odious to her, when the lowly hut of some hardy mountaineer, met her almost disconsolate view. Powerfully impelled by the instinct inherent in the human breast, of "self preservation," she reluctantly and slowly approached, with an enervated and faltering step; she placed her hand upon the iron latch, and hesitated ere she tremblingly knocked. The huntsman, equally accustomed to the savage yell and inured to the perils of the forest; from habit ever attentive to passing sounds, suddenly aroused from the sweets of slumber, seized his rifle, and intrepidly and angrily exclaimed, "who is there?" "An unfortunate female, who would beg a night's shelter from the inclement austerity of the winter's dreary season," was the soft but pathetic reply. The cottager was a christian; he entertained the feelings of a man, and while the warm bursts of humanity glowed in his generous bosom, and animated his actions, he unbarred and opened the door, and emphatically welcomed the female wanderer to repose herself under his humble roof, and to partake of all the comforts of his ill-provisioned hut. His wife, with easy and engaging familiarity, prepared a downy bed, and Miss Ellen soon sunk into the felicity of a balmy sleep. And soon did these inhabitants of Alleghany's rugged mount recline into the refreshing arms of Morpheus, and in a few moments were indifferent to every object around them.

The cottager arose at Aurora's first dawn—but the sun had commenced its diurnal career, when Miss W. awoke. In her countenance still were marked the wild traits of the maniac. Her manners indicated, beyond the possibility of error, that she had not only walked in, but adorned, the first ranks of society. The scarlet glow had fled from her cheek. The disease of her mind had injured her health, and every symptom evinced an incipient pulmonary affection. Her complexion was now lily white, though once interspersed with the roseate's blushing hue—her eyes, now languid, were soft, expressive blues—her auburn ringlets rolled in careless folds down her gentle bosom, and sorrow had detracted nothing from the elegance of her

person. She was yet handsome, and but a short time since must have been transcendently beautiful. The modest and scarcely perceptible blush that suffused her emaciated cheek, when the cottager's eye was cast upon her still lovely face, when his ardent gaze would trace the inmost recesses of her thoughts, influenced the emotions of a father, and determined his partialities in her favor. But the vacant thoughts in which she was absorbed, debarred him from soliciting the much desired information, what accident or misfortune had conducted her to his lonely habitation?

The cottager, Mr. Lilly, momentarily determined what course to pursue towards the interesting female, whom Providence had thrown upon his hands. He intimated to his beloved consort his design of exercising the rights of hospitality—of exerting every energy to restore the peace and rationality of Miss Ellen's mind. How to address her effectually upon this subject, was perplexing indeed. However, with a courteous, benign affability, characteristic of his nobleness of soul, he clasped her hands in his, and gently represented the interest and excitement she had created in his bosom. He fervently promised that, if no father would protect her, he himself would be her paternal guardian—that, if no mother would soothe her, Mrs. Lilly would administer the grateful balm of motherly consolation. As if wakened from a callous and torpid lethargy, as if called to obey the sway of reason's reign, while she doubted the reality of what she had seen, but dared not but place implicit reliance in the assurance of Mr. Lilly, she uttered, "And is there so much humanity still extant in this unfeeling world? Stay! perhaps you sport with my weakness! No! I cannot be deceived; I wrong you greatly: I desire for nothing more than your's and Mrs. Lilly's company; excuse my tears; they are only floods of gratitude. May heaven reward your munificence! But shall I remain silent respecting my misfortunes? No! I must reveal all. Oh! how difficult is the task! but, tho' my feelings bleed, I must not remain enveloped in mystery. My character is unspotted; my virtue remains unsullied; my name and my family I cannot mention, but they are both respectable; and I yet should live upon their fond smile and abundant wealth, had not destiny marked out for me a path strewn with thorns. Several months since, my affections were engaged by an accomplished and graceful youth, who returned them with increased ardour and fervent pathos. In a precipitate but happy moment, we pledged ourselves, by one God and one Heaven, to prove true. The anxiety of love tintured my spirits with melancholy. My parents, fond and indulgent, not unfrequently inquired the cause of my distress. Too candid to assign a falsehood, I frankly depicted the situation of my heart, and confessed the fact of my clandestine engagement. But, Oh! what was the shock! when I was peremptorily commanded to think of my lover no more. I had no one to sympathise with me. The depressing sensations of sorrowful remorse, weighed too heavy for me to sustain; and from that moment to the present hour, I am an entire stranger to the circumstances that may have transpired, but suspect that a disordered and frantic imagination, and the hand of an All-seeing Being, have conducted me to your humane

door." She concluded the recital of her heart-rending woes, and sunk into a lunatic paroxysm, and several hours passed ere it terminated.

Some weeks elapsed, and Ellen's health was partially restored. Her mental inquietude was nearly dispelled, by the kind and assuaging care of the cottagers; sometimes a slight occurrence sunk her into wretched despondency, but such occurrences were seldom, and but momentary. Mr. Lilly, upon whose benevolence Miss W. subsisted, once rolled in splendid affluence, but security-ship, and Neptune's angry waves, had reduced him to an almost contrast poverty. A few thousand dollars was all he could save from the wreck of half a million. With this little pittance, he retired from the disgusting scenes of the fraudulent and insincere world. He was the father of an only child, William Henry, who had been early sent to a distant college, to obtain those literary attainments, by which he was expected to subsist in the pecuniary, and to shine and to sustain a respectable standing in the learned, world. He had graduated in the languages; he had arrived at the age of maturity; he purposed in a few days, returning to the forest, from whence he had departed some six years before, and destined there to sip, for some months, the cup of retirement's pleasures. On the expected evening of his arrival, Mr. and Mrs. Lilly and Ellen sallied forth, to cheer the return of a youth to the bosom of his family. The sun had retired into the west, but delineated its grandeur, in gilding the lofty clouds that floated above the western horizon, the playful zephyrs waved the leaves of Nature's vegetation, and wafted along in its current the fragrant odoriferous scent of many flowers, while the soft murmuring of the meandering rivulet, and solitary notes of the lonely whippoorwill, rendered the scene sublime indeed. William Henry was seen rising on the adjacent knoll, and now descending the gentle declivity, to receive his father's and his mother's warm embrace. Miss W. remained unnoticed. Mr. Lilly would have introduced her. He said, "Permit me, my son," when, by a mutual recognition, they faintly exclaimed "Oh, William!" "Oh, Ellen!" and rushed into and encircled each other in their arms. To the parents their conduct was soon solved, and the reader may conjecture, that William and Ellen were lovers, and that they were united in the sacred bands of matrimony. Connubial felicity banished every unpleasant sensation, and restored the hilarity and natural vivacity of Ellen's youth. Shortly after their union, they visited Mr. Williams' family, who received with rapturous ecstasy, an only child; to restore whose deranged intellect, Mr. Williams had commenced travelling with her, hoping a change of scene would extirpate every irrationality. Ellen baffled her father's vigilance, escaped to the cottage, and eluded the most strict inquiry, and the most rigid search—but now returned, to relieve his mind of a woe that weighed heavy upon it; and to her mother, who was exquisitely happy to receive, in Mrs. Lilly, "The Maniac restored."

A YOUTH.

Friendship may be compared to charity, and letters to alms; the last signifies nothing without the first; and often the first is very strong, although it does not show itself by the other.

FOR THE GARLAND.

FRAGMENT.

The pistol trembled in his clenched hand—his pale lips quivered—all his features were convulsed—deadly hatred was visible in every expression of his dark countenance.—“The deed will soon be done,” said he; “Stanley will soon be a harmless enemy; his last breath shall be breathed under my feet, if I am lucky to night; my brave friends will rejoice when I relate to them the grand achievement—but why does my hand tremble? I have done the like oft times before—surely mean-spirited pity has not touched this heart—if so, ’tis the first time. What do I care if he leaves a lovely wife to mourn?—she is lovely—too lovely—but beauty looks more enchanting in distress:—the deed must soon be done. Stanley is my deadliest foe; thrice have I narrowly escaped his slaves, who watched for me like blood-hounds. His life shall be mine this night. But my hand is too unsteady now to draw a true trigger;—it will be steady presently.” Thus saying, he struck into a dark thicket. The evening was such as suited well his gloomy soul, and seemed fit for deeds of darkness.

The light was bright—six tapers burned upon the marble mantle-piece of the large room. Near the bright fire sat Stanley and his lovely wife. “Yes, my love,” said Stanley, “we must keep good watch; the heartless monster would pierce thy blessed bosom to be revenged on me.” “But,” she replied, it is horrid to take the life of a fellow being in cold blood! to set a watch for him as the shepherd oft does for the wolf—perhaps he would not harm thee if he could.” The report of a pistol was heard; Stanley started from his seat, and flew from the room. His fair partner sat stupefied with horror and amazement. Stanley soon returned. “He aimed at my life,” said he, “but by this act has lost his own. Brush, the assassin and robber, is at length taken; and it now remains for justice to decide his fate.”

SEPTEMBER.

SHEPHERDS-TOWN.

FOR THE GARLAND.

FRAGMENT.

She was wandering in yonder grave-yard when I observed her—her eyes fixed upon the ground, and an air of sadness painted upon her countenance—her pace was slow. I passed her unobserved—she continued her way, until she arrived at a grave that was newly sodded. Here she paused, and raised her eyes to heaven, but spoke not. She continued in this position for some moments, and then seated herself upon the grave near which she had been standing. She was a true picture of grief—she seemed weary and fatigued with weeping, and then rested her arm upon the headstone, and supported her wearied head upon her death-like hand. I observed her attentively; for she was dear to this heart. At length a tear started in her eye, and I observed her lips in motion. I advanced within a few paces of her, when I heard her observe. “Here, ‘poor Jane, lies all that was dear to you: here, beneath these cold and unfeeling clods, lies he who ‘has so often smiled upon thy simplicity; but now ‘he is cold; he is as lifeless as the turf that covers ‘him; he feels not thy miseries, nor can sighs disturb his rest. But there is still a cheering hope—‘left for you; you are not parted forever. Death! ‘yes, death, that friend of the miserable, shall ‘unite you again in a world, where sorrow is not ‘known, and where friends never part. Yes, soon ‘he will arrive, and thou shalt hail him as a long ‘expected messenger, who is to guide you to him

“you weep for. Here, soon, some unfeeling hand ‘will make you a bed, but who will heave a sigh ‘when they hear these cold clods sounding upon thy ‘coffin a last farewell to the world? Oh! who ‘will keep alive the turf of thy grave with their ‘tears, as I have done the turf that covers the grave ‘of my dear William?”

As she concluded this sentence, she observed me, and sprung up as if frightened. I approached her, and offered her my hand: She took it, and seating herself again, said, “Thou art my friend; yes, thou art the only one that is left me. Thou wilt weep with me, for thou knowest what it is to be afflicted.” Then taking a miniature from her bosom—“Look,” said she, “this is all that I have to remember him ‘for whom I weep.—But, Oh! why should I weep? ‘He is happy—yes, he is happy. He feels none of ‘the sorrows that weigh me down: But I have ‘stayed too long; I must return, and try to be ‘cheerful, for no one but yourself knows of my ‘grief. No, I dare not let others know it.” After this, she left me, and I returned home, anxious to know the history of her misfortune.

SHEPHERDS-TOWN.

THURSDAY.

SELECTED FOR THE LADIES' GARLAND.

A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner:

“I am inclined to believe, that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids, tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person—‘she will certainly be an old maid.’ Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex—‘she has all the squeamishness of an old maid.’ Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her domestic concerns—‘she is cut out for an old maid.’ And if she is kindly humane to the humble animal about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of old maid. In short, I have always found, that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity, are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature, an *Old Maid!*”

THE PRECEPTOR.

FROM DR. GREGORY'S LEGACY
TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

Beware of detraction, especially where your own sex is concerned. You are generally accused of being particularly addicted to this vice—I think, unjustly.—Men are equally guilty of it, when their interests interfere. As your interests more frequently clash, and as your feelings are quicker than ours, your temptations to it are more frequent: for this reason, be particularly tender of the reputation of your own sex, especially when they happen to rival you in our regard. We look on this as the strongest proof of dignity and true greatness of mind.

Show a compassionate sympathy to unfortunate women, especially to those who are rendered so by the villany of men. Indulge a secret pleasure, I may say pride, in being the friends and refuge of the unhappy, but without the vanity of showing it.

Consider every species of indelicacy in conversation, as shameful in itself, and

as highly disgusting to us.—All double entendre is of this sort. The dissoluteness of men's education allows them to be diverted with a kind of wit, which yet they have delicacy enough to be shocked at, when it comes from your mouths, or even when you hear it without pain and contempt. Virgin purity is of such a delicate nature, that it cannot bear certain things without contamination. It is always in your power to avoid these.—No man, but a brute or a fool, will insult a woman with conversation which he sees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it, if she resent the injury with a becoming spirit. There is a dignity in conscious virtue, which is able to awe the most shameless and abandoned of men.

You will be reproached perhaps with prudery. By prudery is usually meant an affectation of delicacy: Now I do not wish you to affect delicacy; I wish you to possess it: at any rate, it is better to run the risk of being thought ridiculous than disgusting.

The men will complain of your reserve. They will assure you, that a franker behaviour would make you more amiable. But, trust me, they are not sincere when they tell you so. I acknowledge, that, on some occasions, it might render you more agreeable as companions, but it would make you less amiable as women—an important distinction, which many of your sex are not aware of. After all, I wish you to have great ease and openness in your conversation; I only point out some considerations, which ought to regulate your behaviour in that respect.

Have a sacred regard to truth. Lying is a mean and despicable vice. I have known some women of excellent parts, who were so much addicted to it, that they could not be trusted in the relation of any story, especially if it contained any thing of the marvellous, or if they themselves were the heroines of the tale. This weakness did not proceed from a bad heart, but was merely the effect of vanity, or an unbridled imagination. I do not mean to censure that lively embellishment of a humorous story, which is only intended to promote innocent mirth.

There is a certain gentleness of spirit and manners, extremely engaging in your sex—not that indiscriminate attention, that unmeaning simper, which smiles on all alike. This arises either from an affectation of softness, or from perfect insipidity.

VARIETY.

There is a species of grateful remorse, which has sometimes been known to operate forcibly on the minds of the most hardened in impudence. Towards the beginning of this century, an actor celebrated for mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author, to take off the

person, the manner, and the singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments, which he said attended on his wife. The physician heard with amazement, diseases and pains of the opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. For, since the actor's greatest wish was to keep Dr. Woodward in his company, as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures, he loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity, which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, having become completely master of his errand, he drew from his purse a guinea, and with a scrape, made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "put up thy money. Thou hast need of all thy cash and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back."

The actor returned to his employer, and recounted the whole conversation, with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the author screamed with approbation. His raptures were soon checked, for the mimic told him, with the emphasis of sensibility, that he would sooner die, than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity, a public laughing-stock.

WHIM.

An anecdote is related of Dr. Soams, Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, towards the close of the sixteenth century, whose whimsical perverseness deprived the College, over which he presided, of a handsome estate. It seems that Mary, the widow of Thomas Ramsey, Lord Mayor of London, in 1577, after conferring several favors on that foundation, actually proffered to settle five hundred pounds a year, (a very large income at that period) upon the house, provided that it might be called "The College of Peter and Mary." "No!" said the capricious master; "Peter, who has lived so long single, is too old, now, for a female partner." "A dear jest," says Fuller, "to lose so good a benefactress." For the lady, disgusted at the Doctor's fantastic scruple, turned the stream of her benevolence to the benefit of other public foundations.

Miss Bennet was a great beauty in the days of Swift and Arbuthnot. The latter, speaking of her presentation at the French court, says, "amongst other things, I had the honor to carry an Irish lady to court, who was admired, beyond all the ladies in France, for her beauty. She had great honors done her: the husband himself was ordered to bring her the

King's cat to kiss." Perhaps kissing hands came into fashion after the saluting of tabbies went out.

POETRY.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

APRIL.

Of all the months that fill the year
Give April's month to me,
For earth and sky are then so filled,
With sweet variety!

The apple-blossoms' shower of pearl,
The pear-tree's rosier hue,
As beautiful as women's blush,
As evanescent too.

The purple light, that like a sigh
Comes from the violet bed,
As there the perfumes of the East
Had all their odours shed.

The wild-briar rose, a fragrant cup
To hold the morning's tear;
The bird's-eye, like a sapphire star,
The primrose, pale like fear.

The balls that hang like drifted snow
Upon the guelderose,
The woodbine's fairy trumpets, where
The elf his war-note blows.

On every bough there is a bud,
In every bud a flower;
But scarcely bud or flower will last
Beyond the present hour.

Now comes a shower-cloud o'er the sky,
Then all again sunshine;
The clouds again, but brightened with
The rain bow's coloured line.

Aye, this, this is the month for me!
I could not love a scene,
Where the blue sky was always blue,
The green earth always green.

It is like love; oh, love should be
An ever-changing thing!—
The love that I could worship must
Be ever on the wing.

The chain my mistress flings round me
Must be both brief and bright;
Or formed of opals, which will change
With every changing light.

To-morrow she must turn to sighs
The smiles she wore to-day;
This moment's look of tenderness,
The next one must be gay.

Sweet April! thou the emblem art
Of what my love must be;
One varying like the varying bloom
Is just the love for me.

L. E. L.

FOR THE GARLAND.

O! make me a grave by the mountain's dark base,
Where each falling fragment shall cover me deep;
Where I never again shall see man's horrid face,
Nor the thoughts of his actions shall cause me to weep.

O! make me a grave on a far distant shore;
Let the waves of the Ocean my shroud ever be:
For soon shall the throbs of this sad heart be o'er,
And in sorrow and anguish 'twill take its degree.

O! make me a grave where man never trod,
Where beasts never venture, nor birds ever fly:
Bury me there, 'neath the cold lifeless clod,
And leave not a stone, to tell where I lie.

SHEPHERD-TOWN.

THURSDAY.

THE EVENING STAR.

I come from the place of my rest,
When day has gone down to the deep—
When its glory hath passed through the gates of
the west,
And the small breeze hath sighed into sleep.

I come—and my path in the skies
Is hail'd by the incense of even;
To me doth the hymn of all nature arise,
And soar in its sweetness to Heaven!

For me wakes the nightingale's song,
From her bower of the sheltering leaf—
The cuckoo sighs lonely the dim vale along,
A strain like the music of grief!

I look on the land and the sea,
When eve pours her tears and her sighs:
The ocean and dew drop are mirrors to me,
I'm imaged in Beauty's bright eyes!

When she walks in the gloom, I impart
A ray to her path through the grove,
And list with delight to the beat of her heart,
When she hears the soft footstep of love!

O'er heaven unrivall'd I reign,
A gem of the ocean I shine,
My glorious altar's earth, island and main,
And the worship of worlds is all mine!

HOPE—BY SCHILLER.

Man loves of improvement to talk and to dream,
That may bless some future race;
He aims at success, and its golden beam
He pursues in restless chase.
The world grows old, and grows young again,
But the hopes of improvement forever remain.

'Tis by hope that man into life is led;
She flutters round boyhood's bloom;
O'er youth her brilliant enchantments are spread;
She sleeps not with age in the tomb.
Life's weary labors are closed in the grave:
But o'er it the branches of hope greenly wave.

'Tis not a vain fancy from folly that came,
And flatters to cheat the mind,
How deeply each bosom its truth can proclaim,
'For improvement is man designed.'
And ne'er does the voice from within us deceive
The spirits that hope, or the hearts that believe.

FRIENDSHIP.

* * * * * Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscape of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In Nature's fairest form, is aught so fair
As virtuous Friendship, as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just;
The graceful tear, that streams for others' woes;
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvy'd treasures, and the snowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the scene?

Good sense and learning may esteem obtain;
Humour and wit a laugh, if rightly ta'en;
Fair Virtue admiration may impart;
But 'tis good nature only wins the heart:
It moulds the body to an easy grace,
And brightens every feature of the face:
It smoothes th' unpolish'd tongue with eloquence,
And adds persuasion to the finest sense.

¶ The reader, and our correspondent "Harmónica," will excuse an error which occurred in the article, in the last number, "On the love of Fame." In the last paragraph of the first column, fifth line from the bottom, the word "ear," by an accidental transposition, was printed, instead of "are." Those acquainted with the numerous liabilities which exist, of making errors, will not be surprised at the occasional confusion of sense, in printing.